## Statement of an Unread Dramatist from Boston in New

M the author of a classic drama, which I recently brought to New York in the ope of obtaining a production for it. Before dramas are produced they have be read by some one whose judgment is authoritative. That is the first It does not look like a difficult step; but, nithough I have devoted all my and energies to that necessary preliminary for the past four wteks, my drama

lying in Boston and employing myself with literature in its different forms, came deeply interested in the subject of play writing, owing to statements ie in the local newspapers respecting the large royalties paid by American tagers to foreign authors. I therefore resolved to enter this apparently profitaliterary field, entertaining bright hopes of soon becoming an American Sardou. The experiences which ensued should prove of value to unknown writers who k to the stage as a means of making their work known to the public.

While I was putting the finishing touches to my piay. Miss Oign Nethersole, the mous English actress, was playing in the city of Boston. I thought it wise to llize this opportunity of bringing my work to her notice. I felt that she would proud to exercise the influence or her position in the world of art on behalf of an athor whose work would show that he had labored more for art's sake than for he applause of the multitude, and I had confidence in her ability to pass sound adgment. So I sent Miss Nethersole a letter describing my play and asking for

As day after day rolled by without bringing me a reply I was surprised, and thought there must have been some mistake in delivery. However, I did not write again, concluding that time would be wasted.

Mr. Richard Mansfield was the next great star to honor Boston with his presence. I addressed to that gentleman a letter similar to the one I had sent to Miss Nethersole, adding that I would call on her that afternoon.

Knowing the value of a favorable first impression, I dressed myself carefully in the best style I could afford, and hastened to the Tremont Theatre, where Mr. Mansfield was playing, preparing on the way a speech which I intended to deliver at the interview, and which I naturally wished to be as effective as possible.

Imagine my astonishment when at the stage entrance I encountered a rude fellow who declared in strong language that I could not be admitted. I took out my card and told the man to carry it to the actor. Glancing at my slik hat, and noticing that I had on gloves and was otherwise attired as a gentleman, the fellow obeyed, muttering that Mr. Mansfield saw nobody, but that he perhaps might make an exception in my case. But he was back in a moment, not half as polite as when he went with my card, with the gruff answer that Mr. Mansfield was sorry, but

Thinking there must be some mistake I questioned the fellow, whereupon he admitted that of course he hadn't seen Mr. Mansfield himself, but he had seen his valet, and the valet had given him the answer.

I was obliged to confess to myself that this was disappointing. However, I saw that a dramatist, especially an unknown one, should be prepared for everything, So I made the best of it, deciding that it was only in Boston that things were this

So I came to New York. Being a total stranger here, and having no knowledge respecting the managers or stars with whom it would be best for me to attempt negotiations for the production of my play, with the exception of Mr. Charles Frohman, I went first to his office at the Empire Theatre.

At the door I was met by a boy who looked me over suspiciously and said, with considerable importance in his tone and manner: "Well what can I do for you?"

I answered that I could not think of anything he could do for use at present; that I had called to see Mr. Frohman.

"Mr. Frohman doesn't engage any more people," said the boy.
"Well," I said, "I am a dramatic author, and my business is of great impor-

tance to Mr. Frohman. "No," said the boy, "you can't see hl m. He's busy. You'd better write to him. That's what everybody does, and h e may appoint an interview for you."

I wrote a letter to Mr. Charles Frohman

immediately, describing my drama as one hat possessed extensive originality-a pellbound interest from beginning to end, great dramatic power, beauties of costumes and scenery that would reveal to the public the most interesting and picturesque country on the face of the globetotally unknown to the intelligent public. But all this did not help, as the big manager soon answered me that he would not read any play this season, so matter how good it was. Well, that surprised me more than anything I had seen before-a speculator would not inspect a thing that might be a good one and bring him profits! "Probably," I thought, "he is doing well with those old things he has, and as it pays htm, why should not be persevere with them until the public gets entirely dis-

gusted and will no longer be imposed on?" But this little experiment began to show me already that it is not so very easy to become an American Sardou, although one plucky gentleman of France. There was no mistake about it!

The next step I took was to send a letter and some extracts from my play to Miss Julia Marlowe, meanwhile trying to gather some information about the managers. This I found to be very difficult. Thinking that the editor of a dramatic paper would be able to give me some information, I called on him. The gentleman, on learning the purpose of my call, was not so very attentive at first, say-

ing that he could do nothing for me in this regard, and that he knew nothing about the managers. Here was another puzzle-editors of papers for theatrical people know nothing about them. If it was not a lie-a polite one-I don't know what

The Club of American Dramatists, I thought, surely must know something about the names of American managers. There I went in hopes to get acquainted with the representatives of dramatic art and to receive kind attention and brotherly help. Brotherly help! (O Irony, I feel thy cruelty now!) Theatrical business consists a little, if not at all, of brotherly help.

I found a poorly dressed fellow in the club, who, after hearing my business, said that it was very difficult to secure recognition in America—especially being an America—as they prefer to import foreign stuff at any expense rather than encourage their own talent. Even if there could be found a real genius he would not be made an exception. He added that he could give me no advice and that I must do the best I could for myself alone. That was sad, but sadder was to be ap-

In a week I received a letter from Miss Mariowe (written by her manager, of course), saying that she considers the extracts that I send very good and interesting, but she has no time to read the plays

Miss Nethersole came to New York and I went to the Garden Theatre to inquire where she was stopping, intending to visit her personally this time. At the box office I was told that they did not know (?) where Miss Nethersole was stopping, but I might write to her, addressing to the theatre.

All of those great actors seem to be more exclusive than kings in Europe. should make no exaggeration if I compare them to the Crar of Russia, as all other constitutional rulers in Europe grant interviews to their subjects from time to time. You cannot see a star actor in America unless you come recommended from some of their intimate friends, or have a great name.

There remained nothing but to write again, and I wrote, taking quite a bold

but a polite stand. Among other things I said that I fully depended upon her artistic taste and ability to recognize the merits of a play, and declared that if she would consider my play, after reading it, trash and myself a crank-what it seemed to me no sane person could do-then she might destroy the manuscript and I would be satisfied that it deserved no better death; but if, to the contrary, she considered the play one of the greatest of the century and my humble self a man of genius, then she give herself the pleasure of being the first to recognize one of the greatest dramatic wonders of the century and extend me a kind protection where she could. But even this did not help, as the next day I received a reply from some of her servants-I suppose-saying that Miss Nethersole had no time to bother herself about the play.

The managers do a great wrong to the public and make a mistake for themselves by not inspecting every play submitted to them, for among loads of trush they may find a nugget of gold occasionally. It is a hard thing to get your drama read. no matter how good it is-harder, of course, is to get it accepted-and, this ought to be a lesson to those that do not imagine they have great abilities as dramatists

in order to give a chance to others. As to myself, I am confident that I shall succeed-as I believe I possess wonde ful ability as a dramatist, which is laborn in me, and the only thing necessary perseverance and energy, which I hope I possess and which will carry me succe fully forward till the great American public will learn th

NORBERT J. SAVAY.

called upon to describe the sad spectacle of a dr. .atis popular actress on the I daylight and reading his play to her in spite of her strub, we

actress in question was Miss Use. thersole, and the spectacle becomes all the sadder in its significance when the further information is forthcoming that a "second Shakespeare" was compelled to resort to the harsh measures described. There is only the dramatist's word to vouch for his high standing in literature, contained in a letter to | the actress, but as Miss Nethersole admits that she was rescued before she had heard enough of the play to be able to judge of its quality, who shall say that there are no "second Shakespeares" at large, aged, tattered, consumed by the tyrant ambition, driven to desperate deeds by the short-sighted and hard-hearted managers and stars who refuse

If you doubt the short-sightedness and hard-heartedness of managers and stars, read the accompanying account of the experiences of Norbert J. Savay, written by himself. If you doubt the truth of those revelations, compare them with the experiences of "A Great Man from the Provinces in Paris," related by the immortal author of the "Comedie Humaine," Honore de Balzac.

Although Norbert J. Savay is as yet neither aged nor tattered, nor driven by despair to the extremity of "holding up" popular actresses on the street and reading his play to them by main strength, he, too, has informed Miss Nethersole that he is probably a second Shakespeare. He challenges Miss Nethersole to disprove his assertion, if she can, by reading his classic drama. But Miss Nethersole was evidently willing to take Mr. Savay's word for it; she declined to read his manuscript.

You will notice that Balzac's "Great Man from the Provinces in Paris' was a sensible and prudent person, as well as a genius. When the publishers tried to starve him to death he became a journalist, and gave it to them hot and strong till they were glad to print his poems at any price. You will observe, also, that Norbert J. Savay, profiting by the same qualities, has become a journalist for the present occasion, at least, and-well, now will you be good, Miss Nethersole, Mr. Frohman, Mr. Mansfield and the rest of you? Will you read manuscripts at your leisure in your comfortable offices, or will you continue to compel second Shakespeares to resort to the sandbag and the dark



ENTRANC



RIGHTENED one day when counting his money at the rapid dimin capital, Lucien felt cold chills run down him as the necessity of publisher and doing some work for pay came over him. The your of whom he would fain have made a friend no longer dined at Flicot cien waited, and hoped that something would turn up, but nothing cam lucky accidents happen only to those who are much in the world; the man's intercourse with life increases his chances of success; luck is a side of numbers. Like a true provincial, in whom the sense of prude

mains, Lucien did not wish to reach a period when a few francs on main to him. He resolved to face a publisher.

On a cold morning in the month of September he walked along the Harpe with his manuscripts under his arm. He went as far as the gustins, following the sidewalk and looking alternately at the we and the shops of the publishers, as if some guardian angel were throw himself into the river rather than into literature. After age after examining with the deepest attention the faces be could windows or the doors, faces more or less kindly, cheerful, scowling he presently came to a modest little shop in the Rue du Coq. which was painted, in yellow letters on a green ground, the wo

Lucien remembered having seen that name at the bottom of various novels he had opened in Blosse's reading room. He out that inward trepidation which all men of imagination feel a struggle. He found a singular old man within-one of the mosthe book trade of the Empire.
"Monsieur Doguereau?" said Lucien.

"Myself, monsieur."

"I am the author of a novel," continued Lucien.

"You are very young," said the publisher.
"But, monsieur, my age has nothingto do with the m
"True," said the old publisher, taking the manuscrip. Archer of Charles IX.'-that's a good title. Well, young ject in two words."

"Monsieur, it is an historical work in the style of Wa nature of the struggle between the Catholics and the Protcontest between two systems of government; a contest wh

the throne itself. I take the Catholic side."
"Hey! young man; why, those are really ideas! Well, I promise you that. I would rather have a novel in the but if you are really a worker, if you have style, constru of dramatically presenting your subject. I am not unwilli What we want now are really good manuscripts." "When may I call again?"

"I am going into the country this evening, and she to-morrow; by that time I shall have read your work, at arrange matters that day."

"He's a worthy man," thought Lucien, after leaving met a friend to youth—a connoisseur who really knows so that sort of sponsor. I told David that talent would easily Lucien went back to his quarters, light-hearted and di-thinking further of the sinister words which had reache-Vidal & Porchon he imagined himself in possession of francs. Twelve hundred francs represented one year's during which he could prepare new works. How many this hope! How many brilliant reveries he indulged as he himself free to labor! He planned a new abode; arrang more, and he would even have made purchases for it. and his impatience in Blosse's reading room. Two days ly surprised at the style Lucien had displayed aggeration of the characters which the period

the hador of young author house where hi living. He had thousand franc session of "T) and to blad Luwith other wo saw the house

"A young m as this," thor he loves stu The landing

to Montieur ment, replied above the floo "This youn, low; he is, lt

If he earns n In read So th three room

Jacques, with whom you have so much the fire of genius burns and does great to live, instead of junketing in cafes and our money." So saying, he sat . not bad. I was once a professor of excellent things in the book; in she "Ah, Monsleur."

"Well, as I told you, we c Lucien's heart glowed, he is literary world, at last he would see as "I will pay you 400 france," said Doguer Lucien in a way that seemed to indicate an "A volume?" said Lucien.

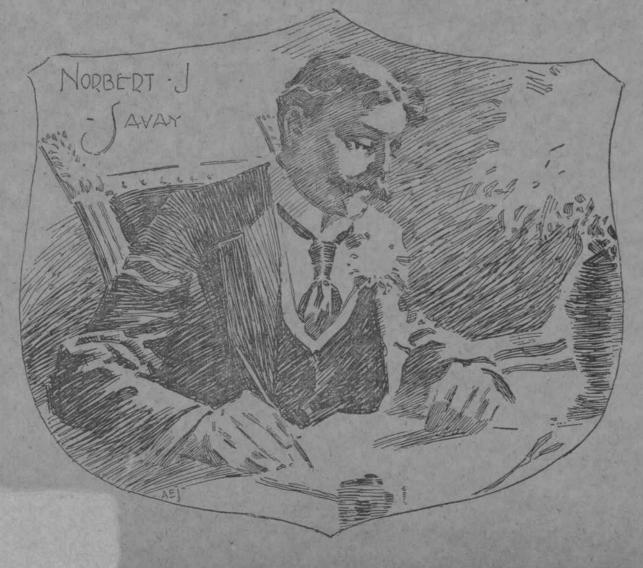
"The whole book," replied Doguereau, not he added "it will be in ready money. You : books every year for six years. If the first engage to pay you six hundred for the succe you will earn a hundred france a month; tha will be happy. I have authors to whom I po give two hundred france for a translation 1 would have been exorbitant."

"Monsleur, we cannot come to any ag to return my manuscript," said Lucien, Lucien took his manuscript and fiv-

"You have the head of a poet," sa! Lucien devoured his bread and gul was not blg enough to contain him; he Hke the lion in his cage at the Jardin

Shorty after this episode, Lucien who found it to his interest to attach his own paper. Lucien was at first who despised the newspapers and t the opportunities described to him b-

"At 5 o'clock this afternoon in th your head, and you are now on the persons who give opinions to Fran-will be able with thirty sarcasms, pr man curse his life and wish he was on all the actresses of the four theat all Paris to applied a had one. If can bring him cringing to your feet i francs. Use your talent and get two threatens some of Dauriat's speculat and you'll have him climbing the sta a clematis. As for your novel, the ! or less civilly, will stand in line to c reau cheapened to four hundred fr sand. Such are the benefits of je



HIREE STAGES OF A SECOND SHAKESPEARE'S HOOWDOWN